

The face of our King is 78
the Piciure for me,

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

JAMIE GAY on the River Tweed, 78

BUXOM NAN OF DOVER,

AND,

MOLLY MALONE.



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THE FACE OF OUR KING IS THE PICTURE
FOR ME.

NO man I e'er knew,
Turk, Christian or Jew,
The rhino to touch was not willing;
But when I may take
My choice, as to make,
With guineas my purse I'm for filling.
For of all the good-looking gold pictures I see,
The face of our king is the picture for me.

The French lous d'or,
No; that is no more,
Clip'd close by a counterfeit scraper;
And though livres big sound,
They're but ten pence a pound,
And never are seen but on paper.

The pistole of Spain
Is mere flash in the pan.

Their dollars Jack Tar neatly cozens—
 Search the continent down
 You'll not find an old crown
 But new ones and brass ones by dozens!

Louis livres,
 Florin—stivres,
 Great doubloon,
 Ducatoon,
 Grand ecu,
 Little sous,
 Piarole,
 Mark—pistole,
 All are ninnies,
 To old guineas,

So of all the good-looking gold pictures I see,
 The face of our king is the picture for me.

JAMIE GAY on the RIVER TWEED.

AS Jamie Gay gade blythe his way,
 Along the river Tweed,
 A bonny Lass as e'er was seen,
 Came tripping o'er the meed:

The hearty swain untaught to feign,
 The buxom nymph survey'd,
 And full of glee, as lad could be,
 Bespoke the pretty maid.

Dear Lassie tell why by thyself,
 Thou hastly wrand'rest here?
 My ewes, she cry'd, are straying wide,
 Can'st tell me Laddie, where?
 To town I by, he made reply,
 some meikle sport to see;
 But thou'r't so sweet, so trim and neat,
 I'll seek the ewes wi' thee.

She gave her hand, nor made astand,
 But lik'd the youth's intent;
 O'er hill and dale, o'er plain and vale,
 Right merrily they went.
 The birds sang sweet, the pair to greet,
 And flow'rs bloom'd all around;
 And as they walk'd, of love they talk'd,
 And joys which lovers crown'd.

And now the sun had rose to noon,
 Ehe Zeneth of his power,

When to the shade their steps they made,
 To pass the mid-day hour.
 The bonny lad, row'd in his plaid
 The Lass, who scorn'd to frown.
 She soon forgot the ewes she sought,
 And he to gang to town.

BUXOM NAN OF DOVER.

THE wind was hush'd, the storm was over,
 Unfur'd was e—very flowing sail,
 From toil releas'd when Dick of Dover,
 Went with his mess-mates to regale.
 All dangers o'er, cry'd he, my neartears,
 And still give me my buxom Nan;
 Come bear a hand, let's toast our sweethearts
 And first I'll give my buxom Nan
 And first I'll give my buxom Nan.

She's none of these that's always giggling,
 And stem and stern made of art;
 One knows a vessel by her rigging,
 Such never slight a faithful heart;

With straw-hat, and pink streamers flowing
 How oft to meet me has she ran :
 While for dear life would I be rowing,
 To meet with smiles my buxom Nan. &c.

Jack Jollyboat went to the Indies,
 To see him stare when he came back,
 The girls are all so off the hinges,
 His Poll was quite unknown to Jack :
 Taut-masted all, to see who's tallest,
 Breast-works, top-ga'nt sails, and a fan ;
 Mess-mates, cry'd I, more sail than balast,
 And still give me my buxom Nan. and, &c.

None on life's seas can sail much quicker,
 To show her love, and serve a friend :
 But hold, I'm preaching o'er my liquor,
 This one word more, and there's an end.
 Of all the wenches whatsoever,
 I say, then, find me out who can,
 On half so true, so kind, so clever,
 Sweet, trim, and neat, as buxom Nan.
 Sweet, trim, and neat, as buxom Nan.

MOLLY MALONE.

By the big hill of Howth,
 That's a bit of an oath,
 That to swear I am loth
 To the heart of a stone ;
 But poison my drink,
 If I Sleep, snore, or wink,
 Once forgetting to think
 Of our lying alone.
 Och ! it's how I'm In love,
 Like a beautiful dove,
 That sits cooing above,
 In the boughs of a tree ;
 Its myself I'll soon smother,
 In something or other,
 Unless I can bother
 Your heart to love me,
 Sweet Molly, sweet Molly Malone,
 Sweet Molly, sweet Molly Malone.

I can see if you smile,
 'Though I'm off half a Mile,
 For my eyes all the while
 Keep along with my head :

But my head you must know,
 When from Molly I go,
 Takes his leave with a bow,
 And remains in my stead.
 Och ! it's how &c.

Like a bird I could sing,
 In the month of the spring,
 But it's now no such thing,
 I'm quite bother'd and dead;
 Och ! I'll roar and I'll groan,
 My sweet Molly Malone,
 Till I'm bone of your bone,
 And asleep in your bed,
 Och ! it's how, &c.

E N D.